royal state, her carriage preceded by an outrider in scarlet, inside the big barred gates of her mansion in the heart of Poona, with its rows of red-coated retainers in the courtyards, its halls with curiously carved pillars, thousands of years and miles away from the Cantonment and the Gymkhana Club, in the dim stained light of the family temple, she a brahman of the strictest orthodox type, lives the life which a Hindu widow should, bared of all ornaments, fasting entirely alternate days, all her thoughts absorbed in preparation for joining her lord on the other side of death. There in that old world mansion, with its mogra flowers, its frankincense, its fountains, splashing on the plantains, she taught me the first lessons of the Hindu religion learned in this life. Umabai Raste, you were the first Hindu to welcome back to the Motherland, to what warmer welcomes was yours but the prelude !

From Poona we visited the Karli Caves, which Mme. Blavatsky told Colonel Olcott, on

the occasion of their visit there, was a centre of occultism to this day, there being still ascetics concealed in the heart of the mountain, and reached by hidden passages

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